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## THE FLAGEOLET; OR, THE COTTAGE BY THE WOOD.

Continued from Page 291.

On arriving at Colville House, Harland was informed that Mrs. Willoughby, affected by the sudden and unexpected meeting with her friends, had experienced a slight relapse, and was reclining on her bed,—that her daughter was sitting near her, nor could be prevailed on to join the family party that day. The next morning, however, Mrs. Willoughby's renovated health allowed them both to descend to the breakfast-room, and their improved dress added to the personal charms they both, agreeably to the different period of their lives, possessed. The conversation of Mrs. Willoughby was elegant and refined. Amelia was diffident, but there was a charm in her modest deportment far more engaging than the forward flippancy of wit, or rather pertness, which many of Harland's fair countrywomen assumed fashionable ease. Harland thought her lovely; but remarking that her gentle eye withdrew from his observation, he forbore to pain her by a too particular attention.

On the following day Harland's first tutor, the venerable pastor of the village, who had been well known to Mrs. Willoughby in her days of girlhood, favoured them with his company at dinner. After its removal, Mrs. Willoughby, at Mrs. Gertrude's request, gave a detail of the incidents that had marked her life, from the period of her leaving her native country, the principal of which have already been briefly related. At the recital of the affecting death of Captain Willoughby and his two sons all the ladies shed tears; and Miss Colville said,—"And you, Harland, persist likewise in pursuing the phantom Honour, and meditate the cruelty of inflicting on the unhappy relatives your future connections may produce the miseries Mrs. Willoughby and her daughter have been destined to sustain."—"Death," he replied, "must be encountered. If met in a field of battle it were as well as on a pillowed couch. But the sad participation of wife or children, in the event of a soldier's premature death, presents a consideration that ought to deter him from forming a tender connection: if, therefore, I embrace a military life, I will never marry." The ladies approved his resolution, and the subject was changed.

Within a few days Miss Colville's solicitor attended by appointment, and Mrs. Willoughby's affair respecting the pension was confided to his management; and for the better information of the family circle, the copy of the late Mr. Colville's will was inspected, when it was discovered that Mrs. Willoughby and her descendants were effectually excluded from even the smallest share of his large property, except through the bounty of her younger sister. Mrs. Willoughby acknowledged that her disobedience had provoked this severe decision; and Miss Colville said "she should consider herself obliged to repair what she could not but think an extraordinary stretch of the parental prerogative." From this time the society of the surrounding gentry was more than ever solicited and encouraged, but the family at Manning Hall came not. On Miss Colville remarking this to Harland with some surprise, he related the prudent comments made by Sir William and his lady, on the circumstance of her affording protection to her unhappy relatives. Miss Colville smiled, and Harland added, "never will I solicit ac-

ceptance from an individual of a family so completely selfish! nor do I longer persist in what you, my kind benefactress, term the military mania. The church, which you so frequently proposed, is at length my determined choice." Again Miss Colville smiled. "Did you remark, Harland," said she, "that Mrs. Willoughby protested last evening, when discoursing with the party in which we were engaged, that she would never give her daughter's hand to a soldier?"—"I—, I—, perhaps, did not much attend," said Harland, reddening. At that instant the arrival of company being announced, Harland hastened to receive them. It was soon generally understood that Harland intended, the next term, to repair to Oxford, to solicit his examination, and his friends applauded a resolution which he expressed as his decided choice. The time of his departure was fixed at a short period; when, returning one beautiful noon-hour with his gun and pointer, from a morning excursion, he stopped on a slight eminence before approaching the house, and was admiring the appearance of the woods and trees that graced the slope, now tinged by Autumn with a thousand rich colours, from the silver poplar to the lime and chestnut, variegated with different shades of olive, brown, and gold. Suddenly a lively air from a flageolet struck his ear, borne on the gale that swept along a piece of water, which helped to complete a spot replete with beauty and with taste. His servant, who followed, observed his master's surprise, and said, "This is not the first time I have heard that music. I thought one morning that it came from the neglected old bower below you shrubbery, near the spring that supplies the pond; I ran thither, but the music had died as it were away, and I saw no person at all but Miss Willoughby passing through the green gate. Again!—'tis certainly wonderful!" A sudden thought occurred:—"The notes are the same as those I heard in the cottage near the wood," reflected Harland. "Amelia, then, the diffident Amelia, has her intrigues. Some favoured swain has followed her to this neighbourhood,—in you secret recess (a most convenient distance from the mansion) they privately converse: he soothes her musical taste, and fans their mutual flame, by these melting cadences. Yes, yes, some one had found out his way to the little hovel before me. I now recollect the old nurse's reprehension. Here," to the servant, "take my gun, and secure the pointers: I will discover the minstrel." Harland darted across the lawn with feet winged by jealousy; and knowing every winding of the shrubbery, he stole unperceived into the dilapidated bower which had once flourished near the spring,—neglected now, and environed by wild briars and rude untrained willows. The sounds, sweet and insinuating, continued, when he suddenly presented himself at the entrance. Amelia was alone;—she held to her coral lips a flageolet of ivory, which, surprised at his appearance, she dropped from her hand. Harland caught it up, and began to apologise for the interruption, adding, "I could not resist the alluring tones of the instrument, although unable to guess at the performer, who I naturally supposed to be of my own sex."—"Your apology, sir," said she, blushing, "contains a reproof. The flageolet is not an instrument for a female: I must explain how I came to be a proficient on it. A youth I dearly prized owned this pipe; for his sake I retain it, and when I can steal a solitary moment take a melancholy pleasure in making it repeat the strains he loved best."—"Name then at once," cried Harland, "the happy youth that awakens those dear remembrances. The tear that glistens in your eye informs me that seas roll betwixt yourself and that envied object. Pronounce his name, and my impertinence shall end."—"It was Percy Willoughby," said Amelia, "my youngest brother. You have heard that he fell in that dreadful conflict when all our troubles commenced. My mother doted on the amiable boy. During a long voyage, when her sad reflections weighed

down her sinking spirits, I softened the poignancy of her anguish by studying and by practising on this instrument the tunes she had been accustomed to admire. But the necessity, thank Heaven! has ceased, and from this time I relinquish it, for what is not truly feminine must, in me, be indelicate."—"Sweet Amelia!" cried Harland, clasping her to his breast, "the motive so tender, so affectionate, banishes every shadow of indelicacy. May no future sorrow wound that gentle bosom, the seat of sensibility!" Amelia, alarmed, speedily disengaged herself, and rushed from a spot she now thought surrounded by dangers; and Harland, apprehensive of having offended, followed, and with an air of respect offered his arm to conduct her to the house. This she resolutely declined: and although they reached it together, the greater part of the walk was performed in profound silence. When, however, they had joined the ladies, Amelia resumed her cheerfulness, and observing that Harland was unusually thoughtful through the day, frequently addressed him with sweetness and great good nature, but afforded him no opportunity to converse with her, except in the presence of the ladies.

To be continued.

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## THE SIEGE OF VIENNA.

(Concluded from Page 291.)

I FOUND my company already at their post, and took it into my head to muster them, partly to show my zeal for the service, and partly to lay in a stock of reputation, which might be had at a cheap rate; so that if my after conduct should call my valour in question, my present stoutness might be adduced in its defence. Of course, I expected to find that half my troop had forgotten to come, for it was natural to suppose that the worthy souls were animated by the same peaceful sentiment as their colonel; but no, there they all were, young and old, thick and thin, short and tall, resolved, like the Spartans at Thermopylæ, to conquer or to perish. I thought it a pity so much good spirit should be suffered to cool, especially as it was likely there would be great occasion for it; so to keep up the fire, I harangued them; quoted to them all the heroes of antiquity, like a bead-roll of saints, (the school-master of the regiment had supplied me with their names,) and was about to retreat again to my cellar, when the officers on the same station would compel me take an early supper with them, much against my inclination; not that I objected to a supper; I was too good a citizen for that; but my better genius kept whispering to me, "Go to your cousin's cellar; you know not what may happen." Would that I had listened to its suggestion!

The splendid appearance of the officers, and the smell of the hot meats, acted very kindly on my nerves. There was talking and laughing, and singing and swearing, drinking and eating, though no one knew whether the tables might not be turned, and himself be a supper for the worms before the morning. Even I felt the cheerful influence of the roast and boiled, and joined most vigorously in the patriotic toasts that followed rather closely on each other. In half an hour I had become a hero—a Buonaparte—when an unlucky varlet thought proper to drink, "To those who shall fall for their native land and Emperor!" Never was any thing more misplaced than such a toast; every eye too was directed at me, as if I were the destined victim, and they were drinking my safe journey to the other world. From that moment my courage fell like the English stocks; the ringing of the glasses was to me like the tolling of death-bells; and the voices about me sounded like so many requiems. If a chair fell, I thought the house was coming down; and if a door slammed, the bombardment had begun. Internally I vowed to get to some snug retreat with the first opportunity,—a measure which did not at all derogate from my patriotism, for the city would still have my good wishes; and as to my presence, my

military talents were not so great but that the state might make a shift to do without me.

In amends for my deficiencies, my brother officers were all growing more and more valiant; they agreed, *nem. con.* that the French would not dare to attack us; that they wanted troops, wanted time, wanted courage, wanted ammunition, wanted every thing, in short, but the inclination; and however strong inclination may be, it is not strong enough to knock down walls of brick and mortar. All this was convincing, and I was convinced, that is, my head was convinced; but I could not bring my heart over to the same belief, though the impossibility of an attack was proved to a demonstration; nothing could be clearer; it was two and two make four. An officer of the grenadiers, with a most heroic pair of whiskers, had the goodness to enter into a particular argument with me on the subject, and had just proved that not a cannon would or could be fired that night, when the clock struck nine, and at the first stroke it was as if heaven and earth would come together; the bombardment had really begun. The whole assembly seemed for several minutes struck into lifeless statues, like the king's court in the Arabian Tale, each limb being fixed in its immediate attitude. My neighbour on the right had dipped his spoon into the gravy of a dish on which smoked a fine hare, and now it seemed as if he were feeding the animal that obstinately turned away its nose. Several knives and forks, that had only arrived half way to their respective mouths, were fixed in air; and the jaws of my opposite friend, having dropped down to his breast, showed a cavity like the entrance to some unknown region. The only sign of life in the assembly was with a lieutenant, who, when the first bomb fell, was employed in filling his glass, and now continued the same action, while the overflowing wine ran about on all sides. But this state of things could not last long; the drums beat to arms, the company separated for their posts, and I set off for cousin Joseph's cellar, when, as the devil would have it, I was met by a multitude in full tide for the walls. To pass through them was impossible: I squeezed myself close to the wall, hoping that the stream might pass by me; but no; it seemed as if the crowd were come for no other earthly purpose than to carry me to my post, whither I was borne by simple pressure in spite of all my resistance. Here I found my troop, their arms gleaming in the black torch-light. There was no retreating now, for one of the links shone on me most unmercifully, while the balls and bombs were whizzing like a swarm of cock-chafers over our heads, or rather my head, for every bullet was directed at me—at nobody but me. The object of the French seemed not so much to bombard Vienna as my innocent person; and, what was still more extraordinary, the balls, one and all, had an intuitive knowledge of where I was to be found. Most willingly would I have retreated rather than expose my dear friends to so much danger on my account, for to stand near me was like standing near steel in a storm of lightning; but I could not move the dense rows behind me prevented all hopes of flight, so that all I could do was to screw myself into as small a compass as possible, and trust the rest to Providence.

By this time some hundreds of bullets had passed over us without hurting any one,—a circumstance attended with the most beneficial effect on my companions. Their courage came to them as the danger seemed to lessen, at which I was not at all surprised, for it must be owned that nothing does so much injury to valour as the presence of danger. Some were even bold enough to talk of volunteering on the walls, when, whiz! burst a bomb amongst us, and stretched several of my heroes on the ground. In an instant all was flight and confusion, and I of course felt it my duty to call back my men to theirs; so on I flew in pursuit of them, running and bawling night and main, till by some accident I found myself deposited in an ice-cel-

lar.—Oh! I would not have exchanged it for the best room in the Emperor's palace. I was, however, far from being at my ease, being crumpled up in a corner amidst women and children, who were screaming, praying, scolding, swearing, and making a concert that only wanted the braying of the long-eared animal to be quite perfect in its kind. Some of my troops, too, had followed me to this place of safety, either natural from instinct, or because they held it incumbent on them to follow their leader in the paths of honour, even though they should happen to lead to an ice-cellar. Still there was a wall between me and danger, and I felt perfectly satisfied, though my crushed legs served as a seat for half a dozen heavy-armed grenadiers; when, on a sudden, a dreadful crash was heard over head, and the walls of the cellar fairly trembled. Those who were before me fell plump against my frontal protuberance; those behind tumbled on my neck and shoulders; while at least twenty legs, and as many hands, garnished with the usual proportion of claws, were digging at my sides. I firmly believed that the cellar was tumbling about us, and shouted most furiously. My men answered by a shout of corresponding vigour; with their bass mingled the tenors and and sopranos of the women and children, and such a concert was raised as never had been heard since the siege of Troy.

By degrees our vocalists grew weary, and, at the end of half an hour, the boldest of the party took courage enough to express a hope that we were still living. I ventured to ask if the cellar had not fallen: no one in his own person had reason to suppose it, though each had believed his neighbour was not only dead, but comfortably buried without the assistance of a sexton. As soon, however, as we found that all of us were safe and sound, our valour rose to the very top of the thermometer; but it was quickly damped by the smell of smoke, that now crept in upon us from a thousand invisible crevices. Every nose was agreed as to the fact, and a little consideration told us, that we were sitting under a burning house, the smoke of which increased so much in a few minutes, that we were almost stifled. Still no one could find in his heart to venture out from his snug retreat, amidst the shower of bullets that rained incessantly. As a sort of compromise between terror and prudence, we opened the cellar door,—an expedient that was not without its evils; for if not only let in the air, but a party of troops, sent out to recall the runaways to their posts. Necessity, says the proverb, is the mother of invention; I bound my red pocket-handkerchief about my head, groaned piteously, and besought them to let me have a surgeon, and the fellows being tolerably drunk, my scheme succeeded. I again began to think myself in safety, when a second party appeared with an equal affection for the ice-cellar. Unfortunately there was no room for these new comers, and they, fancying the cellar concealed a store of wine, threatened to storm our little fortification. Upon this, the garrison within took up their arms; the assailants without did the same; and in an instant we were threatened with a *bellum plusquam civile*. What could be more absurd? Every shot must inevitably hit me who stood in the centre. In despair I cried out, "Halt! I am the Colonel!" Whether it was the force of my voice, or the force of subordination, I know not, but the soldiers drew back without firing a single shot! At the moment I felt that I had achieved a victory; I felt myself a real patriot; I had by my own unassisted wit prevented a civil war, and saved my own life, as well as the lives of others. Truly, I began to think I was a hero after all, but that my valour had lain locked up in my heart, like the fire in a flint, and could only be called forth by collision.

It was not till the break of day that the bombardment ceased, when, with proper precautions, I thrust my head again into the open air. All was quiet, except in my own ears, that still rang with the noises of the night. I hast

ened, therefore, to assume a military appearance, shook myself like a ruffled hen, cocked my hat valiantly, brought my sword to the proper position—it had travelled round to my right side; took the handkerchief from my head, coughed thrice, and by the time I reached my company, looked something like a hero. My soldiers, too, had recovered their valour, now that there was no occasion for it—My case always! just when I don't want valour, I am sure to find him at my elbow; but the moment he is wanted, the ungrateful rascal runs away, and leaves me in the lurch. This by the way though!—Not one of my party was missing, save those who were wounded by the fall of the shell; all looked heroes, yet many who now wore most terrific faces smelt confoundly of the cellar. My nose was too well acquainted with the smoke to be in any doubt about the fact; but I wisely held my tongue, and have ever since passed for a man of valour, and been known among my peaceful neighbours by the appellation of the *Colonel*. G. S.

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## ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE IN TURKEY.

The Multeka is the name of the collection of laws which is not followed in Turkey. Like their other collections, it is taken from the Koran, which, as is well known, is written in an enigmatic figurative style, demanding numerous commentaries, and allowing of many different interpretations. The decisions of the Mufti in similar cases are frequently as contrary as it is possible for the opinions of any two English lawyers to be. Besides the glorious uncertainty of the law, common both to Europe and Asia—in Turkey, the Sultan, the Grand Vizier, the Captain Pacha, the Kadileskiers, the Beglarbegs, and many other officers, with names nearly as brutal as their tyranny, dispose of the lives and properties of all their subjects and of the unfortunate Christians in particular, at their will and pleasure.

It is also the practice to give oral testimony the preference over every other. When the whole nation lived in tents, and false witnesses were as scarce as houses, this custom might have been praiseworthy; at present it makes perjury a trade, which is carried on by many hundreds of people in all the large towns. Every process is supported by false witnesses, and even the just cause must often be defended by their means. If false witnesses swear that they have seen a debtor pay, denial, want of a written acknowledgment are of no avail, and nothing remains for the creditor but to produce a number of other witnesses to swear that the same has been again lent. Another custom or practice is for the successful party to pay the costs of the process. A malicious scoundrel has therefore nothing to do but to begin a process with the man he wishes to ruin; and the more unjust his cause, the more certain his success. People of this description also make a trade of litigation with opulent individuals, whom they summon before the tribunal of some Judge with whom they have an understanding. The salary of the Judge also is fixed at 10 per cent. of the value of the object in dispute, which again leads to many exactions. A well-informed author, M. Paris, has, in a recent work, published several anecdotes of the oppression to which this leads. "An Armenian merchant bought a house for 15,000 piastres. On such occasions it is customary to give the Muteveh a present, which on the present purchase might amount to 10 or 15 piastres. The Armenian offered him 30, which the Muteveh refused, demanding 100, and on the Armenian refusing to pay him, summoned him before the Naib, a magistrate under a Cadi, who, after hearing both parties, decided against the Turk, and threatened him with imprisonment should he again be guilty of the same exactions. After the Armenian had paid the Muteveh the thirty piastres, he handed twenty over to the clerk instead of the usual fee of 10 per cent. on the thirty delivered. The latter complained of the

insufficiency of the offer, and the Judge interposing, said with great seriousness, "Have you lost your senses, when you imagine you can pay me for my trouble with this sum? Do you not know that the tenth part of the value of the object is my due; your house cost 15,000 piasres, and you must therefore give me 1500." In vain the Armenian represented that not his house but the fees of the Muteveli were the object in the dispute—to avoid being sent to prison he was obliged to pay the 1500 piastres.—"A Greek merchant caused a tank to be built at his country house. An old Janissary, who was the police officer of the district, came every day, smoking his pipe, and amused himself with looking at the workmen, and like idle people in general, frequently gave them advice. When the tank was finished, he presented a bill to the Greek, in which he demanded a sum nearly equal to the expenses of building the tank, for his services as architect. The Greek, extremely surprised at such a demand, wished to settle the affair amicably. The *architect* however would not recede one step, and summoned him before the Nalub. The Judge decided indeed against the Janissary, but forced the Greek to pay him as much as he had offered the Janissary to make up the business."—"A subaltern Janissary officer had the presumption to offer the Nalub of Anjora a certain sum if he would allow him to burn and plunder the houses of the Rayas for three nights. Fortunately the banker of the Nalub was an Armenian: when he heard of this extraordinary negociation, he informed the Christians of it, and they came to the resolution of appealing to the Nalub, who, boasting much of his disinterestedness, only took from them the half of the sum which the Janissary had offered him, to refuse him the required permission? Every office in Turkey is bought with money, and it is the business of the possessor, by every kind of means, to gain back his outlay with proper interest, and something more to answer the demands of his masters. In the language of the country, instead of saying a man fills the office of Judge, it is common to say he consumes or expends it."

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## HELL'S BRIDGE.

A DEADLY feud subsisted almost from time immemorial between the families of M'Pherson of Bendearg, and Grant of Cairn, and was handed down "unimpaired" even to the close of the last century. In earlier times the warlike chiefs of these names found frequent opportunities of testifying their mutual animosity; and few inheritors of the fatal quarrel left the world without having moistened it with the blood of some of their hereditary enemies. But in our own day, the progress of civilization, which had reached even these wild countries—the heart of the north Highlands—although it could not extinguish entirely the transmitted spirit of revenge, at least kept it within safe bounds; and the feud of M'Pherson and Grant threatened, in the course of another generation, to die entirely away, or at least to exist only in some vexatious lawsuit, fostered by the petty jealousies of two men of hostile tempers and contiguous property. It was not, however, without some ebullitions of ancient fierceness, that the flame which had burned for so many centuries seemed about to expire. Once, at a meeting of the country gentlemen, on a question of privilege arising, Bendearg took occasion to throw out some taunts aimed at his hereditary foe, which the fiery Grant immediately received as the signal of defiance, and a challenge was the consequence. The sheriff of the county, however, having got intimation of the affair, put both parties under arrest; till at length, by the persuasions of their friends—not friends by blood—and the representations of the magistrate, they shook hands, and each pledged his honour to forget—at least never again to remember in speech or action—the ancient feud of his family. This occurrence, at the time, was the object of much interest in the country

side; the rather that it seemed to give the lie to the prophecies of which every highland family has an ample stock in its traditionary chronicles, and which expressly predicted that the county of Cairn and Bendearg should not be quenched but in blood; and on this seemingly cross-grained circumstance, some of the young men who had begun already to be tainted with the heresies of the lowlands, were seen to shake their heads as they reflected on the tales and the faith of their ancestors; but the grey-headed seers shook their's still more wisely, and answered with the motto of a noble house 'I bide my time.' There is a narrow pass between the mountains in the neighbourhood of Bendearg, well known to the traveller who adventures into these wilds in quest of the savage sublimities of nature. At a little distance it has the appearance of an immense artificial bridge thrown over a tremendous chasm; but on nearer approach is seen to be a wall of nature's own masonry, formed of vast and rugged bodies of solid rock, piled on each other as if in the giant sport of the architect. Its sides are in some places covered with trees of a considerable size; and the passenger who has a head steady enough to look down the precipice, may see the eyries of birds of prey beneath his feet. The path across is so narrow that it cannot admit of two persons passing alongside; and indeed none but natives, accustomed to the scene from infancy, would attempt the dangerous route at all, though it saves a circuit of three miles. Yet it sometimes happens that two travellers meet in the middle, owing to the curve formed by the pass preventing a view across from either side; and when this is the case, one is obliged to lie down, while the other crawls over his body. One day, shortly after the incident we have mentioned, a highlander was walking fearlessly along the pass; sometimes bending over to watch the flight of the wild birds that built below; and sometime detaching a fragment from the top, to see it dashed against the uneven sides, and bounding from rock to rock, its sound echoing the while like a human voice, and dying in faint and hollow murmurs at the bottom. When he had gained the highest part of the arch he observed another coming leisurely up on the opposite side, and being himself of the patrician order, called out to him to halt and lie down; the person, however, disregarded the command, and the highlanders met face to face on the summit. They were Cairn and Bendearg! The two hereditary enemies, who would have gloried and rejoiced in mortal strife with each other on a hill side, turned deadly pale at this fatal rencounter. "I was first at the top," said Bendearg, "and called out first. Lie down, that I may pass over in peace." 'When the Grant prostrates himself before a M'Pherson,' answered the other 'it must be with a sword driven through his body.'—"Turn back, then," said Bendearg, "and repass as you came."—'Go back yourself, if you like it,' relied Grant; 'I will not be the first of my name to turn before the M'Pherson.' This was their short conference, and the result exactly as each had anticipated. They then threw their bonnets over the precipice, and advanced with a slow and cautious pace closer to each other: they were both unarmed. Stretching their limbs, like men preparing for a desperate struggle, they planted their feet firmly on the ground, compressed their lips, knit their dark brows, and fixing fierce and watchful eyes on each other, stood there prepared for the onset. They both grappled at the same moment; but being of equal strength, were unable for some time to shift each other's position standing fixed on the rock, with suppressed breath, and muscles strained to the 'top of their bent,' like statues carved out of the solid stone. At length M'Pherson, suddenly removing his right foot so as to give him greater purchase, stooped his body and bent his enemy down with him by main strength, till they both leaned over the precipice, looking downward into the terrible abyss. The contest was as yet doubtful, for Grant had

placed his foot firmly on an elevation at the brink, and had equal command of his enemy—but at this moment M'Pherson sunk slowly and firmly on his knee, and while Grant suddenly started back, stooping to take the supposed advantage, whirled him over his head into the gulf. M'Pherson himself fell backwards, his body hanging partly over the rock—a fragment gave way beneath him, and he sunk further; till catching with a desperate effort, at the solid stone above, he regained his footing. There was a pause of deathlike stillness, and the bold heart of M'Pherson felt sick and faint. At length, as if compelled unwillingly by some mysterious feeling, he looked down over the precipice. Grant had caught with a death gripe by the rugged point of a rock—his enemy was yet almost within his reach! His face was turned upward, and there was in it horror and despair—but he uttered no word or cry. The next moment he loosed his hold—and the next his brains were dashed out before the eyes of his hereditary foe; the mangled body disappeared among the trees, and its last heavy and hollow sound arose from the bottom. M'Pherson returned home an altered man. He purchased a commission in the army, and fell bravely in the wars of the Peninsula. The Gaelic name of the place where this tragedy was acted signifies Hell's Bridge.

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## A VIEW OF OXFORD.

I INVITE the reader to pass a summer's morning with me, in exploring a few of the beauties of the most beautiful city in Europe—beautiful on all accounts—actual as well as fanciful—natural as well as artificial—immediate and present, as well as remote and associate. But it would ask a volume even to glance at all these beauties; and I can reckon on but a few pages. I must, therefore, in this our first walk together, notice but a few; and these merely external ones: and if my companion, the reader, relishes these, and my manner of bringing them before him (or rather of bringing *him* before *them*), he may command my future services as a cicerone; for, to point out to others the good, of whatever kind, with which I have long been familiar, is almost as pleasant to me as it was to discover it for myself.

We will, if the reader pleases, contrive to reach Oxford rather late overnight; and after having received the civil greetings of kind Mrs. Peake, at the Mitre, and taking an egg and a glass of sherry negus in her snug coffee-room, will retire to our comfortable nests, and, rising from them in the morning, not long after the lark leaves his, will sally forth, and never look behind us till we reach the little elevation on the Henly road, to the east of the city. How delicious is this prime of the morning! It is to a summer's day what the spring is to the year, or childhood to human life. The dew hangs like a blessing, on the glittering leaves; and the mists are rising from the grass, like the smoke of an acceptable sacrifice, steaming up to the heavens. Hark to those heifers cropping the crisp herbage. I know of no sound more purely pastoral: it is as refreshing to an ear sick of the talk of towns, as a draught of ice-cold water is to a parched palate; and how sweetly it meets and harmonises with the rich melody that comes down from yonder mountain lark! There are no other sounds stirring;—for the sun has not yet awakened the breezes—the bee is still wrapped in its honey-heavy slumbers, and the "hum of men" is a thing of memory only.

Turn we now to the most beautiful view of its kind in existence. At the extreme left and right, but not extending far into the distance, he cultivated lands, laid out in small fields surrounded by hedgerows, and undulating into hill and dale in a manner peculiar to English scenery. In the immediate front these fields take the form of a rich plain, through which wind the two roads from London, till they join and lose themselves in the city. And then (at a distance of about half a mile from where we stand) rises the

lovely city itself—sleeping in the stillness of the morning, and crowned with the beauty of the clouds, that hang suspended above it, leaving an interval of grey sky between. Follow with your eye the road which runs at our right hand, till it reaches the bridge at the entrance of the city. Here rises the solemn and stately tower of Magdalen college—every where a conspicuous ornament in the general view, but here its principal individual feature. Immediately to the right of this tower stands "Maudlin's learned grove;" bearing from this point of view the appearance of a uniform mass of verdure, rising like a living wall, to shut out all the external world, its idle pleasures and senseless cares. Immediately to the left of Maudlin an open space presents itself, confusedly peopled with spires and towers, which retiring behind each other, do not satisfy the imagination, but lead it into the heart of the city, as it were through an open portal cut through a wall of trees. The most conspicuous objects in this part of the view are the two sister towers of All Souls, and the knotted pinnacles of the schools. Finally, still farther to the left, and exactly matching to the groves of Maudlin on the right, rise a similar, but more rich and extensive mass of trees; and from the midst of this lofty mass look forth in a line, six buildings of various construction, all beautiful in their kind, and all totally different from and contrasting with each other. First on the left stands the rich mosque-like tower of Christ's church gateway, and by it stands the plain sober spire of the Cathedral; next comes the light, airy, and elegant spire of All Saints' church, which is finely contrasted to the low venerable old knotted pinnacles of Merton, which stand next to it; then rises, in unrivalled loveliness, the sweetest of all spires—that of Saint Mary's church; and by its side, clothed in a solemn gravity, the dome of the Radcliffe Library. To those who are not acquainted with the objects which make up this scene of unparalleled beauty, and who see it for the first time, I should conceive it must bear the semblance of a fairy vision rather than of a real tangible scene, chiefly raised by human hands—so abstracted and poetical an air does it carry with it. I speak now of this particular portion of the view before us, where the above-mentioned six objects seem to rise out of that solid mass of verdure formed by the magnificent elm grove belonging to Christ church college. To me this part of the view invariably suggests the vision of that enchanted city we read of in fairy lore, which the remorseless ocean had swallowed up; but, touched by the beauty of a few of her spires, pinnacles, and domes, had left them uncovered, peering above its green waters. But we must quit this enchanting if not enchanted scene, or we shall lose the sweet stroll I propose to take before breakfast, through the water-walk of Magdalen. Proceed we, then, to cross the elegant modern bridge over the Cherwell (which we have no time to admire as it deserves); delaying a moment, however, in the centre of it, to notice the charming views formed by the emerald meadows on each side; on the left stretching away into the distance, and bounded at the end by richly wooded rising ground, and at the sides by the Gardens of a modern mansion, the fine ivy-bound walls of the Botanic garden, &c.; and on the right by a light eminence crowned with an Italian villa, and the stately elms of Maudlin, affording, between their massy stems, glimpses of that almost sacred grove which we are about to explore: the river winding about in a graceful negligence through both the scenes, and giving to them a life and motion which nothing else can.

Before passing from this spot, let us not neglect to pay "honour due" to the steady beauty of the front which Maudlin here presents to the public way. Nothing can be more pure, chaste, and noble, in its detail as well as in its general effect. Here she stands, to greet and usher in our first footsteps to this magnificent city—an earnest and a foretaste of what we are, to meet with as we proceed. Time,

you see, has steeped her all over in the warm glow of maturity; but without adding a single touch or hint of decay. The lichens that every where cling about her are not grey, but yellow—like the sun freckles on the face of a matronly beauty. As a single whole—an object to be looked at by itself, and at once—I think this tower and front of Mandlin is among the very finest things we shall see; and the view altogether, from this spot, is most rich and enchanting; but of a more *modern* character than any other that we have met with here.

To convey, by description, any thing like the effect produced by wandering in what is called the water-walk belonging to Magdalen college (passing into its rich shades, from the city, during the glow of a brilliant summer's day,) is more than I shall attempt; but the heart and mind, in whatever state they may have previously been, which are not subdued by it to a condition of calm, contemplative peace, "that passeth all understanding," may be pitied indeed, for they are past the influence of all external things. This walk is entirely artificial, and is formed round a rich meadow, which is insulated by a branch of the Cherwell; so that its whole course is by the side of a clear stream. On first entering it from the court of the New Buildings, and turning to the left, we find ourselves in an embowered shade, completely closed in by shrubs of various kinds on each side, with the higher forest-trees shooting up from among them at intervals, and forming arch above arch overhead. On the right side of the walk, for some distance, the screen thus formed is almost impervious, except to the broken patches of sunshine which fall on the footpath; but on the left little openings are made, which, as you proceed, afford glimpses into a small park or grove, also belonging to the college, planted with noble elms, and stocked with deer. For some distance this walk winds so continually that you are not able at any point to see before you for twenty yards.—Presently, however, the arch above grows somewhat higher, and you arrive at an opening, through which is seen a water-mill at work, the wheel of which is entirely covered and hid by an elegant weeping willow, so as to give the effect of a water-fall. This is an exquisite object, no doubt; but, to say the truth, though the mill is a *real* one, the whole picture (for it looks like one) has rather too much the appearance of a scene on the stage—so prettily has every thing about it been contrived to aid and mingle with the general effect. At this point the river makes an angle, and the walk, following it, takes the form of a straight line for a considerable distance; so that, on turning the angle, you look along a low and apparently interminable arch of green; the footway being a firm red gravel, fringed on each side with smooth shaven turf. This, though very pretty as a variety, is not my favourite part of the walk. Proceed we therefore at once to the end of this vista, and, turning another angle, we shall find ourselves in a part of the walk that suddenly widens, and affords a passage through a double line of lofty elms, the interstices between which are, on the left, filled up with shrubs, but on the right they are open, offering a rich view of different parts of all the buildings belonging to this magnificent endowment: tower, chapel, hall, all "bosomed high in tufted trees." At proper intervals of the walks there are seats. At the end next the public road there is a fine view of the bridge and the open country; and to complete the effect of the whole, beautiful cattle of different kinds (they almost seem to have been selected for their beauty) are constantly feeding in the meadow round which the walk runs.

Undoubtedly this walk is the completest thing of the kind that can be seen. The care as well as taste bestowed in bringing its different points to their present perfection, and in keeping them in that state, is admirable; there is not an object shown that had been better concealed, nor one concealed that might have been

exposed with advantage to the general or particular effect; and we quitted this delightful spot with no other regret than that of parting from it. To those who seek, in scenes like this, for any associations but those which Nature supplies them, it may be mentioned that this walk was once among the favourite haunts of Addison, the most amiable of writers, and Collins the most poetical of poets.

Immediately opposite to us, on entering the High Street from Magdalen College, stands the rich rusticated gateway of the Botanic Garden; the handsomest erection of the kind in Oxford. We have not time to enter it now; and indeed it offers no particular objects of attention within; but the vista through it, as seen from the little outer court, is exceedingly sweet and inviting, and, together with the gateway itself, forms a picture perfect of its kind. An elegant larch stands on each side the gateway, and a broad venerable yew hedge runs up on each side the walk. These, together with a beautiful pink acacia, some noble old Portuguese laurels, and other shrubs, and a lofty poplar springing up above the whole at the extreme end, complete the scene.

We now find ourselves in what may, upon the whole, be considered as the finest street in Europe, both as regards its particular objects of attraction, and its general effect. The great street at Antwerp is the only one of the kind that can be compared with it. Let us walk on as far as the bend, which becomes just as we reach the front of Queen's College, and then look round us.

Here is a sight not to be paralleled at the present day; and I firmly believe not to have been much surpassed in ancient times. On the left rises the extensive front of University College; venerable from its aspect, but more so from its associations; for it may, probably, be considered as the eldest daughter of *Alma mater*. Opposite to, and finely contrasting with this, is the equally extensive, but entirely modern, front of Queen's, with its rusticated wings, enriched with statues and sculptures, and its solid plain screen joining these to an elegant central gateway, surmounted by an open cupola containing a statue of Queen Caroline. A little farther westward stands the simple embattled front of All Souls; and immediately beyond this the exceedingly rich and elaborate front of St. Mary's church, with its projecting portico, supported by twisted columns, like those in Raphael's cartoon of the Beautiful Gate—its parapet of knotted pinnacles—and its exquisite airy spire, rising out of a cluster of smaller ones, like a lovely young mother with her children round her knees. Immediately beyond St. Mary's, on the same side, stands the sister church of All Saints; the elegant modern spire of which can alone be seen from this point of view. All the buildings I have now described are seen at one view, from a particular point in the High Street, looking westward; and in an opposite direction, are seen the Queen-like Tower of Magdalen rising from behind the elms in the front of Magdalen Hall—the Bridge, &c. &c.; the whole forming a scene of stately and impressive beauty not to be conceived without seeing it, and not to be surpassed. Let us now return to our inn to breakfast, after having thus completed, I hope not uninteresting, the first portion of a summer's day.

To be continued.

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## ANECDOTES OF PAINTERS.

(From the Rev. J. T. James's Flemish, Dutch, and German Schools of Painting.)

"QUINTIN MATSYS (or MESSIS,) commonly called the blacksmith of Antwerp, was the first painter of any name at this place; a rare instance of natural capacity for the art of design. After labouring for many years at the anvil, and with difficulty procuring a maintenance from his trade for himself and his mother, chance threw into his hands the symbol of one of the charitable establishments with which Antwerp abounds: it was a rude engraving in wood, but its character arrested his attention; and he felt, or fancied he felt, the spirit of imitation

kindled within him: after surveying it for some time, he sat down to copy it, and succeeded so well, that one of his friends advised him to leave his trade, for an employment more honourable in its kind, and apparently better adapted to his abilities. He did so, and became an admirable painter. There is, it is true, another version of the tale, and the transformation by Cupid, of a blacksmith to a painter, certainly carries with it a more lively and romantic air; but, since its authenticity depends solely on the authority of the verses of Lampsonius, written under his portrait, and as it is contradicted by all the biographers, it must, I fear, be considered as altogether of a fictitious nature."

At the Hotel de Ville, at Brussels, there is a celebrated picture by Roger de Weyde, which is one of the earliest and best instances of a correct expression of passion and feeling of the Flemish scholar, while the story is replete with interest:—

"Count Erchenbaldus de Burban is represented by the historians as the most inflexible judge that has existed since the days of Brutus; and, as a subject connected with the administration of justice was required for this edifice, certainly was not ill-fitted for the painter's purpose. The Count is represented as lying on a bed, lingering in the last stage of a fatal disease: upon information, however, being brought, that one of his edicts had been transgressed by his nephew, who had made an attempt on the chastity of a young woman, his vigour was roused, and, sacrificing his natural ties of consanguinity to his determinate love of justice, he directed that he should instantly be punished with the death prescribed by law. Those who received the order, pitying the youth of the offender, and imagining that Erchenbaldus had but a few days to live, neglected this command, and merely recommended to the young man to keep himself carefully concealed from the sight of his uncle: in the mean time they made their regular official report, and recorded the execution of the sentence. Five days had scarcely elapsed, when the nephew, imagining his uncle's anger to have subsided, ventured from his place of retirement, and somewhat unadvisedly seated himself at the count's bed-side. His appearance was sufficient to discover the imposition that had been used; but the sick man shewing no signs of immediate displeasure, made a motion to his nephew to approach him, and quietly stretched forth his arms, as if to embrace him: having come near enough, he raised himself, and putting one arm round his neck, seized a knife with the other, which he plunged into his breast, and thus became, in his last moments, the terrible executioner of his own sentence of condemnation on another. This is the moment chosen by the artist."

Every one has heard of Hogarth threatening to convert into a monkey the portrait of a person who refused him his price. The following anecdote of Marc Willems may serve as a comparison to it:—

"He had a scholar and brother-in-law named Jacques de Poindre, whose pursuits were history and portrait, but chiefly the latter. A curious and amusing tale is related by Deschamps, of this, who, like many other professional men, had found those who sat to him sometimes less solicitous about the recompense of his labours than he could have wished: having observed that an English officer, named Peter Andrew, whose likeness he had painted, was in this way remiss in the performance of his promises, he conceived the idea of painting a grating of iron bars in distemper, upon the surface of the portrait, so that the poor man appeared as if literally placed in limbo. Having done this, he exposed it in a conspicuous part of a window looking towards the street; when from the fidelity of the resemblance to its original, it was immediately recognised by all his acquaintance, and he was constantly rallied upon the subject. He appears to have been greatly annoyed at the circumstance, and the painter's scheme succeeded to perfection, Mr. Peter Audrew making what haste he could to pay down his money, and re-

deem his effigy from disgrace: when this was done, one stroke with a wet sponge restored the appearance of the picture, and gave the prisoner his liberty."

The biographical notice of Rubens we omit, in order to quote some account of one of his pupils, Anthony Vandyke, the son of a glass-painter, at Antwerp, who was born in the year 1599:—

"He was first placed with H. Van Balen, and afterwards under Rubens, where his talents were soon distinguished. The story of his being selected by his fellow students to repair the mischief occasioned by the carelessness of one of their party, who had thrown down a picture during Rubens' absence, is too well known to bear repetition here. It may be observed, however, that this picture was no other than the celebrated Descent from the Cross, in the cathedral of Antwerp; and that it was the arm of the Magdalen, and cheek and chin of the Virgin Mary, which he repaired so skilfully, and which pleased Rubens when he returned to his work on the morrow better, as it is said, than his own original design. After having made great progress in his studies, Rubens advised Vandyke to travel to Italy, according to the common practice. The advice, in spite of what has been alleged to the contrary, was kindly meant; and he set out with the full intention of benefiting by it to the utmost; but he had got no farther than Brussels, when he unfortunately fell desperately in love with a young girl of Savelthem, a village in the neighbourhood, and there foolishly lost his time in pursuit of his passion. So great was his admiration for her, that he painted, at her request (and we must presume from a desire to sanctify his love) two altar-pieces, for the parish church of the village. In these he took the liberty of introducing living portraits, as was the common practice; herself appeared in one of them under the title of St. Martin, being mounted upon the horse which Rubens had a short time before presented him with, as a token of his favour. In the other is represented an holy family, where is seen the portrait of the object of his affections, together with her father and her mother. This latter picture has been for some time removed from the village church, and no one appears to know what has since become of it. Rubens, upon hearing this story, immediately set out for Savelthem, and succeeded in prevailing with him, though not without much difficulty, to quit the place, representing to him folly of surrendering to this passion all his future hopes of success and distinction in the world. Vandyke now set out for the second time; and being provided with a companion of steadier resolution than himself, named the Chevalier Nanni, made good his way to Italy."

When Vandyke came to England he was very successful, and had £100 for every full-length portrait, and £50 for every half-length:—

"Vandyke now set up a splendid household establishment, and revelled in luxury. He worked with such rapidity as to finish a portrait generally within the day: the person who sat to him in the morning was generally kept to dinner, the picture was completed in the course of the evening, and he rarely had any occasion to touch it. But Vandyke's habits of expense increased still beyond the means which were thus afforded him: he was naturally of an extravagant turn, and was far from growing wealthy. One day it happened that the king was uttering complaints to the Duke of Norfolk of the low state of his finances. Vandyke was then employed in making his Majesty's portrait; and the king turning round, said, 'Well, chevalier, do you know what it is to be in want of five or six hundred guineas?' 'Yes,' he replied, 'may it please your Majesty; an artist who has always open table for his friends, and open purse for his mistresses, cannot help sometimes feeling the emptiness of his treasury.' In this short answer he gave a true representation of his usual way of life; his wants, indeed, were such, that finding the gains from his profession, enormous as they were, still very inadequate to his purposes,

he was weak enough to turn alchymist, in the hope of enriching himself by finding out the true *elixir of health.*

"A story of Rubens deserves to be quoted on this occasion: he, whose life was better regulated, and mind more steady, upon being once offered the communication of the grand secret by one of the quacks in alchemy, with which the age abounded, gave no answer; but, taking the sage by the hand, led him into his painting room, where he pointed to his pallet and pencils. 'From hence,' said he, 'I have learnt the art of extracting gold, and am content; so go away.' Vandyke, alas, had a different feeling."

Of Gerard Dow Mr. James says,—

"The greatest artist, however, that sprung from this school, beyond all comparison, was Gerard Dow, born at Leyden, in 1613, son of a glass-painter, which profession he also followed for some time. During the three years he was under Rembrandt he made extraordinary progress; but seemed more taken with his earlier and more finished manner, than with his latter rapid mode of execution. He evidently had a mind naturally turned to precision and exactness; and would have equally shewn this quality in any other profession which he might have happened to have fallen into. It is a fact well known, that, in a portrait which he made of a certain Madame Sparings, he consumed no less than five days' labour on one of the hands alone. Methodical and regular in all his movements, he ground his colours, and made his brushes, all with his own hand, and kept them always locked up in his box, made for that purpose, that they might be free from soil. Scarcely ever was a breath of air allowed to ventilate his painting-room, for fear of its raising the dust: he entered it as softly as he could tread, and, after taking his seat, waited some moments till the air was settled, before he opened his box, and set to work. Into this *sanctum*, as may be imagined, few persons were admitted; Sandrart and Peter de Laer were, however, of this number, and seem to have been astonished at the extreme attention he paid to detail, which, though conversant with his works, was more, even, than they were prepared to expect. He had then been three days employed in painting a single broom. Gerard Dow was in the habit of using a very ingenious artifice to assist his eye in representing the minutiæ of objects: this consisted of a concave mirror, in which his model, a carpet, a figure, or whatever it might be, was reflected; and on its front was placed a screen, divided by threads into several square compartments; then, by tracing corresponding marks on his canvass, he transferred the objects to it, according to the usual rules adopted for reduction."

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# POETRY.

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### ENGLAND'S DEAD.

Son of the Ocean-isle!
Where sleep your mighty Dead?
Show me what high and holy pile
Is rear'd o'er Glory's bed?

Go, Stranger! track the Deep,
Free, free the white sail spread!
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,
Where rest not England's Dead.

On Egypt's burning plains,
By the Pyramid o'ersway'd,
With fearful power the noon day reigns,
And the palm-trees yield no shade:

But let the angry sun
From Heaven look fiercely red,
Unfelt by those whose fight is done!—
*There* slumber England's Dead.

The hurricane hath might
Along the Indian shore,
And far, by Ganges' banks at night,
Is heard the tiger's roar:

But let the sound roll on!
It hath no tone of dread
For those that from their toils are gone!
*There* slumber England's Dead.

Loud rush the torrent floods
The Western wilds among,
And free, in green Columbia's woods,
The Hunter's bow is strung:

But let the floods rush on!
Let the arrow's flight be sped!
Why should *they* reck whose task is done!—
*There* slumber England's Dead.

The mountain-storms rise high
In the snowy Pyrenees,
And toss the pine-boughs through the sky,
Like rose-leaves on the breeze:

But let the storm rage on!
Let the forest-wreaths be shed!
For the Roncesvalles' field is won,—
*There* slumber England's Dead.

On the frozen Deep's repose
'Tis a dark and dreadful hour,
When round the ship the ice-fields close,
To chain her with her power:

But let the ice drift on!
Let the cold blue desert spread!
Their course with mast and flag is done—
*There* slumber England's Dead.

The Warlike of the Isles!
The Men of field and wave!
Are not the rocks their funeral piles,
The seas and shores their grave?

Go, Stranger! track the Deep,
Free, free the white sail spread!
Wind may not rove, nor billow sweep,
Where rest not England's Dead.

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THE CHRISTIAN VIRGIN'S ADDRESS TO HER APOSTATE LOVER.

Oh, lost to faith, to peace, to Heaven!
Canst thou a recreant be
To him whose life for thine was given,
Whose cross endured for thee?

Canst thou for earthly joys resign
A love immortal, pure, divine:
Yet link thy plighted truth to mine,
And cleave unchanged to me?

Thou canst not—and 'tis breathed in vain—
Thy sophistry of love;—
Though not in pride or cold disdain
Thy falsehood I reprove;—
Inly my heart may bleed—but yet
Mine is no weak—no vain regret;
Thy wrongs to me I might forget—
But not to Him above.

Cease then—thy fond impassioned vow,
In happier hours so dear;
(No virgin pride restrains me now)
I must not turn to hear;
For still my erring heart might prove
Too weak to spurn thy proffered love;
And tears—though feigned and false—might move,
And prayers, though insincere.

But no! the tie so firmly bound
Is torn asunder now;
How deep that sudden wrench may wound,
It recks not to avow;
Go thou to fortune and to fame;
I sink to sorrow—suffering—shame—
Yet think, when Glory gilds thy name,
I would not be as thou.

Thou canst not light or wavering deem
The bosom all thine own;
Thou know'st in Joy's enlivening beam,
Or Fortune's adverse frown,
My pride, my bliss had been to share
Thy hopes; to soothe thine hours of care;
With thee the Martyr's cross to bear,
Or win the Martyr's crown.

'Tis o'er; but never from my heart
Shall Time thine image blot;
The dreams of other days depart;—
Thou shalt not be forgot;
And never in the suppliant sigh
Poured forth to Him who sways the sky,
Shall mine own name be breathed on high,
And thine remembered not.

Farewell! and, oh! may He whose love
Endures though Man rebel,
In mercy yet thy guilt reprove,
Thy darkening clouds dispel:
Where'er thy wandering steps decline
My fondest prayers—nor only mine;—
The aid of Israel's God be thine;
And in his name—Farewell!